



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

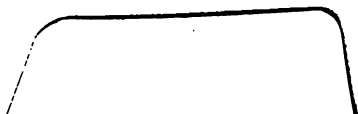
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





600085167X



..

..

..

..

..

THE ANGEL OF LOVE.



THE
ANGEL OF LOVE

And other Poems.

BY
RICHARD STURGES.

LONDON :
PROVOST & CO., 36, HENRIETTA STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.

1875.

280 . n . 879 .

LONDON :
BARRETT, SONS AND CO., PRINTERS,
SEETHING LANE.

NOTE.—The four Poems entitled “The Lute,”
“My Linnet,” “When Summer Winds,” and
“Music in the Night” are reprinted from
Cassell's Magazine, with the kind permission
of the proprietors, Messrs. Cassell, Petter &
Galpin.



CONTENTS.



	PAGE
The Angel of Love	I
A Twofold Dream	15
John Sebastian Bach	19
My Need	20
At the Altar	21
My Linnet	22
Friendship	24
Preparation	25
The Lute	27
Mutability... ..	29
The Seraph of Dreams	34
For a Friend	36
Thine and Mine	38
To —	39
Parting Words	40
Morn and Eve	41
A Voice from the Altar	42
An Ordeal	44
When Summer Winds	47
Farewell	48
Evening Song	50
Old and New	51
Waiting in Shadow	52
A Last Paroxysm	55
Terra Vale	57

	PAGE
The Stainless Mirror	60
Summer's Chorus	62
Soul and Sense	63
Fairy Revels	64
The Feast of Reason	65
Indecision	68
Friends in the Tower	70
Memory's Bequest	72
A Want	74
A Lost Battle	75
Golden Apples	77
Broken Notes	78
Despair	81
My Ariel	83
Anthem	84
Till Millennium	86
Ebb and Flow	88
The Very Last	89
The Schoolmaster	90
Butterfly Bower	94
Summer's Flower and Winter's Robin	95
England's Glory	97
For Ever	101
Notice to Quit	103
Unseen Blessings	104
Music in the Night	105
To Angela	106
Hide and Seek	107
The Humble Bee	108

THE ANGEL OF LOVE.

I.

“AWAKE, sad Dreamer ! I will lead thee on
To regions yet unmemoried by thee ;
Up from the ground, which thou hast wept upon,
And bring thy reed, and fastly follow me.”—
These words I heard, obeying, for I knew
Some spirit near my languid spirit drew.

II.

I heard a whisper soft, and thus the words :—
“Thou sayest : Beauty from thy world hath
 flown,
That flowers preach in vain, as sing the birds,
And that their kindred graces seem unknown ;
For men have scared Earth’s angel-guides away
As if obtrusive, flowering the clay.

III.

“ But think not they have out of hearing flown ;
They do but hide in airy homes at hand,
And when a sigh is breathed for them 'tis
known,
And soon around the sighing one they stand,
And with a fanning pleasure of their wings
Shower prism-light on all surrounding things.

IV.

“ And for thy prayers thou shalt have much of
bliss—
Some sorrows, too, for they will make thee wise.
But Beauty shall be with thee e'en in this,
And love shall wipe the darkness from thine eyes;
And as for all thy tears so much we owe thee
The chambers of our dwelling-place we show thee.

V.

“ Where yonder bird is toning like a lute,
And flashing emerald wings in purple skies,
And the tall golden trees are listening mute,
With blooming bells, like azure-circled eyes,
That see in bliss, and tremble silver tears—
There is our bright first step towards the spheres.

VI.

"But first along this valley we will wander,
For it is level with thine earthly home.
Faintly it mirrors human life's meander,
And mistily its radiance and gloom.
Thou here wilt tarry till the spirit light
Now lent thee rarifies for upward flight."

VII.

We passed o'er shadowy fields that faintly
moaned
In answer to a whispered sickle-stroke ;
Anon a distant bell rang muffle-toned,
Then silvery ; and awhile the shadows broke,
Scattered by some stray intergleam of light,
Whose passing made dull day to seem as night.

VIII.

A rock-surrounded pool we reached, and there
We rested, and I looked to the recess
Under the rocks ; and forms like smoky air
Came fast and flitted. In fantastic dress
The water was arrayed, as o'er it sped
Shadows of living crowds fast dropping dead.

IX.

But oh, the place had horrors all its own
And seemed the dismal reigning land of Fate ;
The very air seemed waiting but to groan,
And panting with its own all-wearying weight.
As I looked up my angel-guide was gone,
The sun was sunk, and I with gloom alone.

X.

The shadows of the place sunk in my soul,
I felt them growing greater, stifling me ;
Still sounded bells of sad and shivery toll,
And merry ones, and voice of woe and glee.
But, oh, how hollow seemed all joyous thought,
Like faded gilding on a death-pall wrought.

XI.

When as my eyes unto the darkness wore
Dimly I could discern surrounding things
Till the dark seemed for viewing medium more
Suited than light. What widely-wrapping wings
Swept through the dense and desolate dim air,
And pressed the land which trembled every-
where.

XII.

But soon a heavy influence closed my eyes,
I sank into a bed of rustling grass,
Hearing the horror soften into sighs,
And feeling all the darkness from me pass,
Till lapped in lucent stillness calm I lay,
Unconscious save of light, and willing so to
 stay.

XIII.

“Wake, happy sleeper! I will lead thee on
To regions yet unmemoried by thee.”
And saying thus my guide before me shone.
I rose, and o’er a purple-misted sea
We tripped together, till we reached a land
Where every tree-branch seemed a potent wand;

XIV.

For when the scented wind the branches shook
The dewdrops fell in showers upon the ground,
And falling all the hues of flowers took,
And rippled as a river’s silver sound;
And birds of brighter hue amid the showers
Flew upward and around to honeyed bowers.

XV.

“This is our FIRST glad step towards the
spheres.

Hark ! yonder bird is toning like a lute,
He waves his emerald wings as rapt he hears
His happy mates, and for awhile is mute.
Then circles flashing in the purple sky,
Shaking down curls of hues and melody.

XVI.

“The purest joys of sense thy world doth know
Are but a slight degree more gross than these ;
But here the light undimmed doth ever flow,
Immortal sap impermeates the trees ;
The flowers never die, but sleep and wake,
And in their dreams new shining beauties take.

XVII.

“A thread of sense still holds thee to thy clay,
Or thou couldst not return to earth again
Save as we are, invisible to-day,
And only seen in dreamtime’s drowsy reign.
Some years ere this can be may intervene,
And thou must tell thy friends what thou hast
seen.”

XVIII.

I took my reed and softly 'gan to play,
Soon all the place resounded to the strain,
And when the echoes sang themselves away
The birds awoke a murmurous refrain ;
I wondered I could call such magic sound,
And in a flood of tears I sank upon the ground.

XIX.

Then raising up myself and round me glancing,
Oh, what delight of gentle things was there :
Sportive creations just at rest from dancing,
Flowers leaning toward me—beauty everywhere :
The silent-footed genii of the place
Flitted like smiles upon a lovely face.

XX.

I wandered with my angel guide along :—
Birds hovering round us, fawn-like things pursuing,
Flowers breathing rapture, winds awaking song
From every nook, and zephyrs' fingers strewing
Haloes around, encircling each flower,
Luring the butterflies from bower to bower.

XXI.

Then straight before a mighty wall of green,
Sunk in a valley, we delighted stood ;
And oh the soothing solace of the scene
After the lustre we had passed, was good !
More than delight ! it was an emerald rest
With sweet faint visions of flower-fancies blest.

XXII.

We stept within and seated in the shade
Of the grand trees—a silver waterfall
Trilled down a rock of dazzling diamond made,
Light seemed a sister to the echoes all
Painting the airy likeness on the ground
Of beauties whence the echoes copied sound.

XXIII.

And listening, looking, wondering, I sate
While she attuned her singing to the sound,
Wearing upon her face the glory great
That so irradiated sky and ground,
And on my reed I played a soft refrain,
Looking into her face to feel mine glow again.

XXIV.

And poring on the light of her sweet face,
Her form grew fainter, but the light increased,
When, as the smile grew sweetest, not a trace
Of anything was seen, except the least
Faint ripple, dreamlike wavering in my sight
Until I lapsed to drowsy dim delight.

XXV.

But such delight no tongue can fully speak :—
My being was like an Æolian lute,
On which the music-loaded airs would wreak
The overweight of rapture, quick to shoot
The fiercest thrills of joy thro' every vein
And nerve, and flooding o'er and thro' my brain.

XXVI.

Then as the flood of harmony increased
It overflowed the valley, and around
Filled every place—high o'er the mountain's
 breast,
Lifting me gently, 'twas by nothing bound,
But rippling its sweet life upon the air,
Joined everything in feeling wondrous rare.

XXVII.

And floating on the music stream I sped
Higher and higher till I reached a cloud
Glowing with glory, golden, silver, red,
A vaporous region gorgeously proud ;
I stepped knee-deep in flowers of colored light,
Feeling the sweet sound mingle with the sight.

XXVIII.

“ Is this ANOTHER step towards the spheres ? ”
I looked, and straight my angel-guide I saw ;
But oh, what distance off ! yet still she hears
And “ Yes,” she answers me. There was no law
To keep sweet sounds from travelling that sweet
place,
And distance could not part a lovely face.

XXIX.

And love was strong enough to bind throughout
That vast and teeming world of radiance,
As the air mingles this low world about—
Its universal life-breath—as the glance
Of the bright sun links *half* this world in light,
So love did link *all that* which knew not night.

XXX.

"But why alone except with thee," I said,
"When love is here the mighty influence
For souls in social manners daily led
Must largely mix to feel their loving sense,
And wheresoe'er thou yet hast taken me
No other kindred face 'twas mine to see?"

XXXI.

"Content thee well; for oh, 'twere better rather,"
She answers me, "to almost be alone
Seeing no joys but what 'twere good to gather
That leave thee not in misery when flown;
For social love in highest heaven is found,
And there alone complete withouten bound.

XXXII.

"And surely thou so much of pain hast seen
In peopled passionland that thou would'st be
Apart awhile as truly thou hast been
In God's foreknowledge, ere He fashioned thee—
Thy spirit must to fullest stature grow
Ere it be great enough the best to know.

XXXIII.

“Here thou canst love the gay melodious things
The birds—the zephyr-footed grazers too,
The flowers, the golden river as it sings
Its lay of sound and light—the sapphire dew.
Thou wilt not lack for lessons how to love—
The moon is up—come seek the silver grove.”

XXXIV.

And, like a falling star, she twinkled down
From her throned pearly hill, and stood beside me,
Wrapped in a white cloud, flowing as a gown
It folded me around, to softly guide me
Over a lake of azure, calm and vast,
With great delightful speed as faint winds
passed.

XXXV.

We reached the silver grove, the moon still shining
And mellowing the scene with emerald shade
The stars in numberless soft hues combining
Reflected on the leaves and gently laid,
As dreams on dreams, o'er one another, till
The waking wind should banish them at will.

XXXVI.

Then would the colours flit to other bowers
Where zephyrs were asleep, and when they stirred
Vanish to fall in soft and soundless showers
Upon the leaves again, while some sweet bird
So dreamlike soothingly his carol sung
That I seemed but to dream those dreams among.

XXXVII.

And when I breathed a strain into my reed
The colours leapt and mingled flake with flake ;
The place was like a ripple softly freed
And wavering in an iris-shadowed lake,
And when my notes had ceased their echoing,
A silence deep as love was o'er each thing.

XXXVIII.

Then with my angel-guide along I strayed,
Looking and loving—breathing sweetest air,
And, like a child, most genuinely played
And frolicked with the sportive creatures there ;
The birds came as I beckoned, gaily singing,
Each a new love-lay emulously bringing.

XXXIX.

We reached a mountain of the purest white,
Vast as an ocean, solitary grand,
And up we wended, following the flight
Of rays that sparkled from the crystal sand ;
The height attained in solemn joy we stood
Gazing on glowing skies in raptured mood.

.

XL.

And I am gazing still, alone—and round me
I know the strife of earth is going on,
And that the spell a little while that bound me
Lives in the shadowland of things ago ;
Yet grieve I not, 'twas Love these wonders
wrought,
And I can love as they my soul have taught !

XLI.

Already are the flowers fairer seeming ;
Already do my footsteps lighter bound ;
Already Earth wears face of heavenly dreaming,
Already rings a rhapsody of sound ;
Dear angel, as my earthly path I trace,
All will be bright when thinking of thy face.

A TWOFOLD DREAM.

(An Experiment in Modulated Rhythm.)

IN a sweet valley, where the winds come and go—
 Laden with spices—lingering and slow,
 Lilla lies dreaming, O what are the dreams !
 Moulding her smiles to the ripple of streams ?

Yonder's an opening, 'mid clustering trees,
 Some one peeps through it, and, glorified, sees
 All the dear smiles on the slumberlit face,
 And he sighs. "Oh to dream all those visions of
 grace !"

Runneth the river on its musical feet,
 Bubble the eddies, and waveth the wheat,
 A scent from the blossom is steadily blown,
 Warbleth the willow-wren a fairy-like tone.

While to the waver and the witching of the sound,
Her hair lightly moves,—and his heart seems to
bound,

And he sighs, yet again, “Oh to dream all the
dreams

Born of her pure spirit’s tranquillised beams !”

And he says, half-believing, half-doubting the
while :

“Have the fairies ever ceased on the human to
smile ?

Oh knew I their Queen, I would ask her a boon:—
To dream Lilla’s dreams on this glorious noon !”

Rusheth the river, with a swelling tone,
And a glorious gale from the meadow is blown,
Trilleth the lark, with his merriest voice,
Then silently seeketh the mate of his choice.

Stilled are the breezes,—stilled all the sound,
Still are the trees, and the soft grassy ground,
Soundless the river,—or soft as running sand,
To him o’er whom Beauty waved opiate wand !

Who would not dream, and his vision believe,
In a scene like this, that the fairies weave
E'en as of old, all their magical spells,
With delightful dance in the dappling dells ?

So he, through his crevice, wondering saw
A world of bright spirits—a land of new law ;
For the place, like a dream, seemed at rest in the
fold
Of a veil misty-shining—a vapour of gold.

Lilla lies sleeping, and around her throng
Forms sweet and light, as the breath of a song ;
Flitting to and fro, on fleeciery wings,
Each one a tribute of loveliness brings.

One o'er her heart shakes a lily's bell,
Whispering :—" Pure may thy pure thoughts
dwell,"
One o'er her cheeks, trembles softly a rose :—
" Health keep them bright as a garden of those."

And one o'er her eyes, shakes a blue-bell flower :
" Long may they beam in a happy bower,
With a light as firmly tender and true
AS THOSE OF A LOVER WHO LOOKS ON YOU ! "

At this she awoke, with a start and a blush
Ah ! the rose met the lily, and made it flush !
As the blue-bell eye,—'neath its fringed shade
Looked on the dreamer who dreamed with the
 maid.

Over the meadows, as now they walk,
Much would they say,—yet little they talk ;
Then he quietly asks : " My Lilla, what dreams
Were those on your face, as I watched by the
 streams ? "

" You must guess," answered she, and he queried
 again,
But as often he asked, it was labour in vain.
Then he said, " Not alone in the dreamland were
 you,
For I have been dreaming—blissfully too !

Of you were my dreams, Ah! did yours fly to me?"
What could she answer? "Yes," whispered she.
—Now, whether in fancy or in fact live they,
Long live the fairies—is all I say.



JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.

Soul of thy sphere, immortal ray of sound!
Prophet and lawgiver, in beauty's world!
Leader of ages' armies, flag unfurled,
And waving to the stars, o'er trodden ground.
What are thy lays, now hymning forth in heaven?
Do they o'ertop the joy of angel souls,
And add a wonder to the starry seven?
Do they transcend the ordinary goals
Of angel-joy, and reach a higher place,
Where the few shining ones alone have space
Illimited, their own, to reign and love in,
With vast and godlike pleasures round about?
Or do they, fugue-like, mingled, grandly move in
The elements of all things, and without?

MY NEED.

My Jesus, will it be to-day
That I shall truly see Thy face?
All other hopes and thoughts decay,
And Thou alone with me hast place;
Yet still I want Thee more and more,
And what I have makes want increase.
For life seems death—and death the door
That waits to open into peace.

Forgive me, if I've so forgot
My great defilement, bold to stand
Before the light that shows each spot,
And mine the blackest in the land!
I want, and must express my need,
I want my only joy to see,
And I would fain, if only freed,
Run frightened from myself to Thee.

AT THE ALTAR.

SWEET incense rising with my prayer
From this dear altar loved so long,
You make yon roses seem as fair
As lilies with them in the throng ;
Awhile they melt and mix among
The snowy candle's crowning flame,
And tremble to the holy song
That makes all heaven and earth the same.

So may love's soft and rosy light
In human hearts be haloed round .
With purest aspirations bright,
And Heaven inspire each lay to sound ;
May prayer keep holy all the ground,
And faith burn brightly while we sing,
And all our earthly loves be found,
Encircled with a glory-ring.

MY LINNET.

I.

How small a thing to bind a heart,
A little feathered creature !
But there is less to do that part
In many a haughty feature ;
One little heart I know is mine,
One little song I deem divine,
Two little eyes with love can shine,
For love's returning.

II.

If I am sad a little time
Two little eyes are watching ;
And there's a sympathetic rhyme
My own impression catching.
But, Linnet, you shall not be sad,
I'll wear a smile to make you glad ;
Ah ! now again right merry-mad,
Your song's returning.

III.

If with a social friend I laugh,
A sharp and rapid twitter
Is but of merriment the half,
And half's in eyes that glitter ;
And welcome is that little voice—
Who would not in his heart rejoice,
And bless you with a blessing choice,
Your own returning ?

IV.

Your gypsy brownies of the wild,
Leaf-tented, now are sleeping ;
And trembling stars, all seraph-mild,
A watch o'er them are keeping ;
But you, with ready social lays,
Have learnt our own domestic ways,
And sing to welcome curtained rays
At eve returning.

V.

I do believe you fully know

This chant of mine's about you ;

Those eyes of yours so archly glow

I surely cannot doubt you.

But now, good night, my song must end,

And what it lacks your own shall mend—

Sweet dreams to Linnet and his friend,

To roost returning.



FRIENDSHIP.

WE know not how our hearts are twined

Till ties are snapped, and then we find

That love thrives not on earthly breath,

'Tis only perfected in death.

And those whose loss has left us lone

Have left to make their value known ;

Could we but call them back again

Our hearts would chill, set free from pain ;

The best of earthly gifts are loss

Without some shadow of the cross.

P R E P A R A T I O N .

P R E P A R E for martyrdom to-day,
For now the heathen wrath awakes,
To rage and desolate and slay.
Hush ! hark ! the ground with terror shakes,
The lions hunger for their prey,
And stir the sod with earthquake tread.
The world's wide theatre is gay
With faces flushed blood-thirsty red.

Now shall the flag of falsehood tower,
Yet truth shall triumph in the fight ;
The tyrant's and the victim's power
Shall both be victors ere the night.
The one shall quaff the purple shower
And blast with desolating breath,
Yet yield its triumph in an hour,
Because its life is born of death.

Oh, mother earth ! how long has slept
Within thy sons that fiery leaven,
Since Lawrence and Sebastian leapt
To love's full height, and found it heaven.
Hark ! in that wind mysterious swept,
And sudden silence ghost-like near,
Our saints have come to intercept
The craven fiends that whisper fear.

'Tis long since arid earth has been
Steeped grandly in the crimson flood,
That nurtures blades of brighter green,
And redder roses born of blood,
Than in her summers lately seen ;
But she shall soon be richer clay.
Oh, joy ! the knives are quivering keen,
Prepare for martyrdom to-day.

THE LUTE.

SHE lay in her last serene repose,
But I was sadder than death ;
A sound from the window-sill arose
With the jasmines' odorous breath.

For her lute by the window-sill was laid,
And the breeze forgot its balm
As it fondly lingered and sung, and played
A desolate dreary psalm.

Then I said to my friend, "Remove the lute,
For silence is better to bear ;"
So he took the lute and laid it down
On the bed—by her golden hair.

Then we prayed alone and together wept
 (But *my* sorrow was more within),
Till, wearied much, a little we slept,
 Thinking that little a sin.

Was it a dream's Elysian tone
 That brought us music again ?
Or was it one of her angel loves
 Seeking the buried strain,
Yet adding so much of heaven thereto
 That we knew it not again ?

For we heard in the pauses of our sleep
 Such marvellous measures of sound :—
Euphonious waves of impassioned leap,—
 Soft pattering spray around,
That fell on our eyelids, making us weep
 In a wonder of worship profound.

Dear angel of life, and more in death !
 At least we know of thee—
That music breathed with thy living breath
 And blends with thy memory.

MUTABILITY.

“The one remains, the many change and pass
Heaven’s light for ever shines—Earth’s shadows fly,
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity.”

CHANGE first began by lying; ’twas the devil
wrought the deed,

A liar from the outset, when he sowed the
rankling seed,

Hence truth, God’s own eternal, we see in con-
trast now

With all that dies and changes—things that to
the lawless bow.

“I will not serve,” he proudly said, and having
wreaked his pride,

The only truth he uttered, was the truth that
said he lied.

For God to show that truth is law—rebellion
truth's eclipse,
Makes falsehood own itself to be, in spite of
lying lips ;
So, in dread isolation from the changeless and
the true,
With those of his attainting stood the devil and
his due.
The host of loving serving things, in harmony
and peace
Their very being fought the lie, by letting it
increase.
For truth, alone is triumph, every lie a failure
is,
And the devil fails most deeply for the whole of
lies are his,
Could he gain a greater harvest, every gain were
loss increased,
And were his serfs the fewer, so the scantier his
feast,
Snatch a soul from his dominion, and you vin-
dicate God's right ;

If he gain a soul it blackens, adding darkness to
his night,

Let him wander wheresoever, and accomplish
what he would,

His chiefest curse is ever found in impotence of
good.

The history of our troubled race, since first he
tempted Eve,

Reflects the timeless order with disorders that
deceive ;

And though the freedom of God's law asserts
itself to be,

Men use the freedom of the will to make them-
selves less free,

And lies keep up the run of change in spite
of patient stars

That make unheeded sad reproof to anarchy
and wars ;

Our earth, though trod with gory feet, right
sweetly will not swerve,

Though men are mad enough to say and boast :

“ We will not serve.”

No wonder ye should sneer about the devil and
his crew,
As if an idle tale worn out because it pictures
you,
Lies still are failures, and we see that while we
now submit,
Your want of patience with the law just proves
the truth of it.
How beautiful in contrast is the peaceful Church
of God,
Amid the troubled roar of things an isle of
verdant sod ;
There every discord finds resolve, and rests with
harmony,
There, like the moonlight's answer to the source
of light on high,
Truth shines with majesty that soothes, and
softens to our sight,
Lest hearts should burst with too much love,—
eyes, fail with too much light.
Oh stormy words ! oh blood-red hands ! when
all your strife is spent,

This changeless thing you cannot reach is its
own argument.

Yet every mad discordant voice, through every
faction's range,

Makes this true charge against the Church :

“ You know not how to change ! ”

And yet they charge the Church with change, to
justify their state,

Though they were born of anarchy—nor offer to
abate.

So true it is that God, to show one truth entire
and strong,

Makes falsehood own itself to be by words of its
own tongue.

THE SERAPH OF DREAMS.

I.

LADEN with roses, floating in light,
 Tremble them over me ;
 Shake on my couch as I slumber to-night
 Soft leaves to cover me.

II.

Oh ! what a life-breath for glorious dreams
 Shall I draw in ;
 I shall footprint the margin of magical streams
 That leaven life's din.

III.

I shall smile in my sleep, and thou, smiling again,
 Shalt double the force
 Of the blisses around, till my soul's compassed
 strain
 Ope my lips for its course !

IV.

Thou shalt float to the sky, I will follow thee too,
Closely beside thee,
Linked in a circlet of various hue,
Flashing out widely.

V.

Thou shalt open the luminous depths of thine
eyes,
What wellsprings of love!
I shall faint in the joyance of sapphire surprise,
Too happy to move!

VI.

Till I wake on my couch, looking rapt to the sky
Through my rose-bordered pane,
And walk the glad earth with a face turned on
high
To seek thee again.

FOR A FRIEND,
ON HIS RECEIVING THE HABIT OF RELIGION.

I.

Now the mighty spirit of love
 Stirs in the heart of spring,
 And he utters his speech of flowers,
 And his choristers calls to sing :
 Be happy, sweet bird, in your house,
 With its azure dome divine,
 You each have chosen a spouse,
 And I have chosen mine !

II.

Ah ! I read in the flowery page
 That Nature spreads to view,
 How love's least touch can call
 To life each glorious hue :
 Be happy, sweet buds in your bower,
 Yet something sad ye say,
 Brief is the song and the flower,
 Passing, passing away.

III.

I could sing with the bird till night,
And sing again at morn,
I could hide in the violet's heart,
On its scented prayer to be borne ;
All this I could do with delight,
But I hear the Beloved's voice,
And with happy steps I speed
To the garden of His choice.

IV.

Is the world sunny or sad ?
Do smiles on its face exist ?
I scarcely know—it is covered o'er
With a veil of golden mist ;
For love folds me, as a house
O'er the halcyon seas divine ;
And Love's infinite self is the spouse
He has taught me to choose for mine.

St. Valentine's Day.

THINE AND MINE.

I.

THAT smile of thine, can I forget ?

Ah, no ! it thrills me day and night ;
It soothes my waking care and fret,
And circles sleep with dreams of light.
If all the gaudy world were mine
'T would pale in that sweet smile of thine.

II.

That voice of thine, can that depart

While music holds a charm for me ?
Oh ! ask this fond and beating heart
All vocal with the thought of thee.
Since I have heard that voice of thine
Heaven's music fills this heart of mine.

III.

But Summer's beam is oft delayed,
And roses all in shadow lie ;
So thy dear lips are touched with shade
Because they sometimes say " Good bye !"
Ah, when shall perfect bliss be mine,
And parting dim no charms of thine ?



TO —.

WITH A BOOK ENTITLED " THE FEASTS OF THE
BLESSED VIRGIN."

As hand in hand together we will fare,
Until our journey at heaven's portal closes,
We'll strive beneath Our Lady's tender care
To gather virtue's lilies with love's roses ;
And making God's sweet will our one desire
Possess the very flame that lights love's fire,
While He His hand in benediction lifts,
And makes Himself the crown of all His gifts.

PARTING WORDS.

I.

If days should pass, or more than days,
Before your face again I see,
Think not because my footstep strays
My heart estranged can ever be.
I could not utter, if I sought,
How much you'd wrong me by the thought !

II.

If I should wander far away
Be not with trouble overcast ;
You will be with me night and day,
My hope, to cheer me to the last.
And though a weary way from you
Believe me every hour more true.

III.

Say not : " Another charms his sight,
Another's words can soothe his ear ; "
No, vainly beams the silver night
O'er orange groves, without you near.
I could not say, if still I sought,
How much you'd wrong me by the thought !



MORN AND EVE.

WHEN buttercups are wet with dew,
And daises too ;
Then is time to sing thy song,
And skip along.

When the shadows cease to play,
And creep away ;
Then is time to take thy rest,
With bird in nest.

A VOICE FROM THE ALTAR.

I.

AH ! canst thou turn thy face from me,
My son ; if I should turn from thee,
Whatever shouldst thou do ?
Could creature-loss thou yet hast known
Leave thee as much as that alone,
Could aught my place renew ?

II.

Behold these hands, these feet of mine,
This heart, this brow, where wounds combine,
Lit up by love's pure beam.
Go, quit them for a daintier sight,
Forget them, leave them, lose them quite,
They shall not break thy dream.

III.

The hated cross, I'll hide its face,
Thou shalt not see its sad disgrace,
'T would spoil thy sportive glee,

Thy innocent and happy play ;
Thou shalt be just as blithe and gay
As artless mirth may be.

IV.

Thou canst not watch with me one hour
Beneath my shadow's healing power—
I merit not thy heart ?
Go, seek the softest floral road,
And bury in the moss thy load—
Farewell ! I now depart.

V.

Ah, no ! I see thou canst not go,
In this my house, love folds thee so,
And shields thee round about ;
Thy wearied heart I'll make a heaven,
Where sorrow touched with finest leaven
Is joy—transformed throughout.

AN ORDEAL.

I DREAMT the spirit of a treasured one
Came to me with a subtle questioning :
“ Who lovest thou the best, thy God or me ? ”
I hardly dared to say ; but, pantingly,
My thoughts in rapid contradiction came,
Like a full fall of white and red rose leaves,
Or panorama of the clouds and stars,
And feelings that upraised me and depressed
Alternated—and then my soul felt dark,
And I could answer not. The voice again
Shone through my gloom and gently scattered it :
“ If 'twere God's holy will, couldst thou give up
My body to the grave ? ” And then I said :
“ Yes, almost yes, if I were sure God wished it,
For I could call thee to me often then,
And thou wouldst be less fettered to the clod
Than in this life thou art. Alas ! and yet
The terrible reality of Death,

Which holds so much of what we cannot spare,
Yet must ! My service to God's will
Would be but as the yew tree's wafted groan
Unto the skylark's ether—thence to heaven.
I should but be a sentry of the gloom
To watch the rays that seemed intrusive there,
And frown them from me. I should loathe the
song

Of love and joy—yet I would do God's will
By loving only what He meant for me.”
She answered : “ Hate thou nothing but thy
sins.

If God should give me to thee, wouldst thou
render

Thy love of fame, if it were asked of thee,
Thy boundless thirst of knowing, all thy hopes
To sit an eagle on the Pelion Peak
Of Poësy—surrender mind and heart,
And be on earth a common noteless man ? ”
I answered : “ I would almost be a clod—
All but a mindless being—if I could
But save one ray however broken, dim'd,

Or feeble, that should harmonise to thee,
And tremble with the lustre of thy presence,
Even though faintly. I would gladly be
As little pulse-like as the rock-tied flower,
That gently quivers with its weight of dew,
If I might feel thy spirit dew-like on me,
And gently shaken round me, as I swayed
To duty flower-like in the breath of heaven,
Humbly to give it back—thus act my part.”

She answered : “Thou art weak, and know not
yet

What God requires of thee; but wait for strength,
By faith and hope sustained, calmly to feel
That what is needful must be. God is love,
And gives us more than we know how to ask;
For He is rich and loves to see us so.
Count all He gives as riches; ask for strength;
Pray He may give thee the Titanic soul
That grieves not ever—strong to bear the right !”

WHEN SUMMER WINDS.

I.

WHEN Summer winds are laid asleep
 And flowers are still in rest,
 And all things a mute reverence keep,
 And bless from being blessed.

II.

Then is the time of growing calm,
 That slowly swelling on
 O'erfloods the spirit like a psalm,
 That joins two worlds as one.

III.

Then let us drink the living stream,
 That in the strife of day
 Our souls may rest, as in a dream,
 Of something past decay.

FAREWELL.

I.


Now across the world I go,
Fare thee well !
Where I am you will not know,
None can tell.

II.

Hark ! the wild wind hurries past,
Can you say,
Where it nestles at the last,
Far away ?

III.

As the ghost at midnight hastes
To the tomb,
Over heath and desert wastes
Of the gloom.



IV.

Yet tho' wind, and lonely sprite
None will seek,—
You will wish at dead of night
Death to speak.

V.

I shall wander with the wind
O'er the wave ;
You will seek, but never find
My poor grave.

EVENING SONG.

COME over the meadow, come over the mount,
And sing me a song by the musical fount,
 And the reeds shall reply,
 And the birds passing by
Shall tremblingly hover to peer in thy face,
And the fleet-footed fawns stop awhile in their
 race.

And then, as thy strain gives its last airy
 note,
A murmur of bliss o'er the mountain shall float,
 And the fawns, with a start
 And a bound, shall depart,
And the birds with the whispering breeze
 softly hie,
And leave us alone with the calm of the
 sky ;

As the spell which is broken for them, is renewed
For us, in our heaven of full solitude:—

And nought is to thee,

And nought is to me,

Save thy love and mine and the light of the
moon,

Oh, Rapture's meridian! Ecstasy's noon!



OLD AND NEW.

WHY is old love just like new love?

Because the only love is true love;

And though years may pass away,

Love has one sweet summer day.

Why is new love just like old love?

Because true love is still untold love;

And though time in love be sped,

All the best remains unsaid.

WAITING IN SHADOW.

I.

I SAID: "Unveil my eyes that I may see
Who these companions are
That make such sport and mockery of me,
And never seem afar.

II.

"A hand doth proffer me a golden cup,
With joy's warm essence filled ;
Another checks—I may not drink it up,
Then I shrink, sadden'd, chill'd."

III.

Then mist departing left my spirit free,
And straight before me shone
An angel, not too bright for me to see,
Beside a dread dark one.

IV.

What words shall point the glory of the one
That yearned to give me bliss !
What thought sustain the horror blent—ah, none !
'Twas like a cobra's hiss !

V.

For in my mind were two emotions born
Delight, uprising fast ;
And chill Despair, as I was clad and shorn,
Uprais'd and downcast.

VI.

I said : " Remove that hideous form, for aye,
But leave its fair attendant ;
Or let me pass with her from earth away,
Shine, singing, and ascendant."

VII.

I heard a voice : "Thou couldst not see her face,
So perfect, being bright,
Did not her dark companion's shadow-space
Softens and show the light !

VIII.


“ Nor till thy dust, in its allotted time,
Sinks to its native ground,
Then purged thy soul—canst thou reach native
clime,
For both await Time’s round.

IX.

“ And to suppose there is a better path
Demanding no endurance,
Is to admit a wrong God’s working hath,
And forfeit all assurance.

X.

“ Therefore be wise, the shadowed years grow
less,
And Heaven is always nearer;
Firmly look on the light and it shall bless
In shadow growing clearer.”



A LAST PAROXYSM.

I.

HE lies upon the madhouse floor,
His eyeballs fixed and gleaming,
As if the calid light they bore
For Death's chill shade were streaming.
An hour ago his place of woe—
Ah, sad to ponder—held him,
But with these words he broke the cords
Of life—their echo knelled him :—

II.

“ Sad comrades, sing a merry song,
To-night, my love is dead !
I know it, for the angels throng
About her stirless bed.

I see her there, so deathly fair,
Who lived for me too long ;
Therefore, I say, to-night be gay,
And sing a merry song.

III.

“ Her kindred moan, but if the tone
Of sorrow reacheth me,
I shall go mad ! and so be glad,
For happy too is she.
Cease mournful strain ! laugh, shout again !
Ye'll not—alone must I ?
Curse ye ! I'll break these bonds and take
Your breath—where's mine—I die ! ”

TERRA VALE.

I.

A SPLENDOUR sparkles in the sky,
I know not when I saw it first ;
For ever seeming placed on high,
My infancy and youth it nursed ;
Its glow a language is to me,
That lures me o'er a stormy sea.

II.

I gaze and guide my rapid bark
With earnest striving toward the light ;
Night folds me—yet it is not dark,
For still my star is in my sight ;
The billows break in floods of bliss
That overwhelm my soul in happiness.

III.

I meet upon my lusted way
A crowd fast rushing thro' the storm.
"Behold!" I cry; "yon heavenly ray!
Grasp hands, cling hearts and mingle warm,
We'll travel to the selfsame goal
As brothers, linked each soul with soul."

IV.

They laugh, they sneer and call me fool,
Some smile assent, but dare not speak—
Ah! Life has then some other rule
And that is strong, and I am weak.
My star was quickly out of sight,
I *knew* from then of storm and night.

V.

'Twas but an earthborn cloud that dimm'd
My star awhile—for soon on high
Its beam upon my being hymned
A vision-waking lullaby;

And in my dream my spirit dwelt
Within that sphere,—its wonders felt !

VI.

And beings crowned with holy light,
These words of comfort brought to me :—
“ We saw on high this spherèd light,
That is a guiding star to thee.
Thy fate's as ours—and know it thine,
Through storm to reach this realm divine.”

VII.

A splendour sparkles in the sky,
I know not when I saw it first ;
It may be dimm'd, but shade shall fly
And make the beams to brighter burst ;
Their glow a language is to me,
That lures me o'er a stormy sea.

THE STAINLESS MIRROR.

I.

BESIDE a stream—whose liquid beam
Blent music with its shining,
As dewy blades with peeping flowers
Harmoniously were twining—
An old man sat and heeded not
The bliss below, above him,
But counted that a dreary spot
With no one there to love him.

II.

From bower and tree the bird and bee
Flew happy, ever singing,
While from a tower across the lee
A marriage-bell was ringing :
The old man wended to the place,
And met the people leaving,

He looked upon each sunny face,
And stay'd awhile his grieving.

III.

But as they left, again bereft
Of joy, he looked above him,
And sighed, though all the sky was blue,
That there was none to love him.
Again he sought the wild wood stream
And rested, sad and weary,
Upon its fretted bank to dream
A vision bright and cheery.

IV.

He seemed to rove a land of love,
With shapes celestial thronging,
Where streams danced onward with a lay,
That knew no sound of longing ;
While on his ear these accents stole
“ Keep faith in heaven above thee,
And, glassed within a loving soul,
Shall all combine to love thee.”

SUMMER'S CHORUS.

Joy awakens from her slumbers,
She has slumbered, oh, how long !
Summer's varied, flowing numbers,
Now await a kindred song.
Nature calls with many voices,
Artfully she woos, and well ;
We can feel how all rejoices,
Sun and shadow sweetly tell.
Surely we will join the chorus,
Beauty must not sue in vain,
Even as her beams are o'er us,
Linked with light, be one the strain.
Hark ! what mighty murmurs waken,
O'er our souls they seem to flow,
All the forest leaves are shaken,
Roused and thrilled they breathe and glow
While the torrent-trumpets blow.

SOUL AND SENSE.

Come to the flowing spring,
That like a far echo replies
To the birds, that merrily sing,
And the forest that dreamily sighs.

For a stainless sky's above,
Sweet odours leaven the air,
The whole scene is harmonious love
Making happiness everywhere.

Come to the rippled stream
That freshens the flowery grass,
And thy thoughts shall in purity beam
As the cloudlet reflections pass.

Water ! how flowing and free,
How healthfully fair art thou ;
Oh, streamlet ! my heart fed on thee :—
My tongue for thee thirsteth now.



FAIRY REVELS.

ROSES, don your brightest glow ;
Honeysuckles, herald forth,
Let your tiny trumpets blow,
Call the fairies south and north ;
See they come ! now spread the feast,
And let mirth become increased.

Harebells many, make your chimes ;
Daisies, tune your silver wires ;
Grasshoppers, your jolly rhymes ;
Glowworms light your twinkling fires ;
Merry is the word to-night,
Feasting in the silver light.

THE FEAST OF REASON.

I.

I'M sick of jarring discontent,
And cynic faces round me bent,
And tongues that will find fault ;
Why can't I get one little smile,
Of frank approval, once awhile,
To show I'm "worth my salt ?"

II.

Alas ! I even now can see
A critic point his pen at me,
While brooding o'er his thunder ;
Then comes the swift decisive blow,
My friends each say : " I told you so ;
I said you'd be knocked under."

III.

I cannot deem them wholly wrong,
Perchance, I make a sorry song,
To lacerate their sense with ;
And, justly, I can scarce complain,
If people will not entertain
What they can well dispense with.

IV.

Oh, could a certain way be found
To meet them on some other ground
Where all might well agree !
I'd toss my manuscript away,
And blithely clap my hands, and say
“ At least we'll brothers be.”

V.

Alas ! his fate's as dismal night,
Who seeks to walk in footsteps right,
Yet doubts his gloomy way ;

Because, his strongest inner voice
Seems to display mistaken choice,—
So other people say !

VI.

I often have a vision hearty,
Of something like a jovial party,
Where kin from every zone
Shall feast with faces beaming jolly,
And each forgive his neighbour's folly,
Confessing still his own.

INDECISION.

HER voice is as the night bird's note,
And hers the echoed strain ;
'Twere hard on one delight to gloat,
While Heaven sends us twain.

Her cheeks are summer morning skies,
And hers the pearly cloud
One grace away—the picture flies,
For each must be allowed.

Her eyes are like the Heaven's blue,
And hers the caverned shade ;
Could high and low together go,
A heaven on earth were made.

Her hair is like the blackbird's bill,
And hers the blackbird's feather ;
And so, I scarce should deem it ill,
To take them both together.

Well, since I may not have them both,
I'll seek to do with none ;
Or wait, although my heart is loth,
Till I can love but one.

FRIENDS IN THE TOWER.

(Pinioned for the Scaffold.)

I.

WE have lived—it is enough,
Let us die ;
Life is stormy—is death rough ?
Let us try.

II.

We have learnt—how much remains
To be known !
Let us make the last of gains
All our own.

III.

Fame and crowns for heroes, kings,
We've no crown ;
Fame but fretful largess brings,
Let's lie down.

IV.

We have striven—so content us
Having sought ;
We have found not—is aught sent us ?—
Ask for naught.

V.

There's a battle raging round us,
Oh, to fight !
But our enemies have bound us
Left and right.

VI.

Error rages, Truth to rout,
Hear the moan :
Nightshade grows life's prison about
Taste—all's known.

MEMORY'S BEQUEST.

SEE yonder wight,—his haggard face
Lights up with something of a smile,
Sad remnant of a happy race,
That were his playmates—once awhile.

And ask him : “Wherefore is he glad?”
And low will be his sad reply :
“’Twas but a glance of bliss I had,
My memory’s darling flitted by ;

“I feel myself a thing of gloom,
A living vapour void of light,
Till flooding round my narrow room,
This beam of glory gilds my sight.

“Ah ! she was lovely—yet ’tis strange,
I can but recollect the morn

Our hearts were joined,—what sudden change
Bereaving rendered me forlorn ?

“ For all I know is that, since then
I’ve sat in gloom in this old place,
And that I seem a sunbeam, when
My memory searches out her face.”

And to all kindly questioning,
On other themes—he will but say :
“ The veil I cannot from me fling,
I scarce remember e’en a day.”

His face is as a widening cloud
That wears upon the gazer’s sight ;
Again, as memory draws the shroud,
’Tis haloed with a fleeting light.

And doubly dim and mournful now,
The cloud that darkens o’er his years ;
’Tis glowing round his wrinkled brow,
Behold ! ’tis bursting into tears !

A WANT.

WHY bloometh yonder lovely dell,
With such a bright and gladsome face
When she who matched its charm so well
Can never more adorn the place ?

Ah ! bird and flower, and grass and tree,
Bright features of the happy spot ;
So musical, so gay are ye,
Yet have a want—and know it not.

Why is my heart so sad to-day
When such a scene its magic tries ?
Why comes a cloud o'er every ray ?
Why should such songs awaken sighs ?

It is because I may not *be*,
Say rather *dream*, as thou, sweet dell ;
For since a light has fled from *thee*,
I have a want—and know it well.

A LOST BATTLE.

I.

THE victor and the victim lay
Side by side ;
The day had been a glorious day
For human pride ;
And yet in that heroic fray
The victors died.

II.

A few you say—for victory lives
In many now,
To feast upon the honeyed hives
Of those laid low.
To taste the “ blessings ” conquest gives
To laurelled brow.

III.

See yon pale prophet stands,
'Mid slaughtered heaps !

Ye see him not !—He there commands !
Your vision sleeps !
For o'er the war-empurpled lands
His watch he keeps.

IV.

To him, where dead men lie
The living rise ;
And where the wounded cry
The victor dies ;
The future strikes his inner eye,
He reads the skies !

V.

And hear that prophet say :
“ Man of might
You could not REALLY slay
Men of right !
The victor died in that dread fray,
In that dark hour he went away ;
The morning of a brighter day
Brings new light ! ”

GOLDEN APPLES.

GOLDEN apples hanging high,
Like the stars against the sky,
While the linnet's melody
Makes our heaven very nigh ;
Yet I would sweet night were come,
Then with stars I make my home,
Surely music's self is there,
In that field are flowers fair.

Golden apples, waving high !
Golden stars, in yonder sky !
Linnet, singing in the tree !
Stars and fruit ! I think of ye ;
Sweet things ever round us be,
'Neath a golden canopy ;
Golden apples, hanging high,
Ye have brought a heaven nigh.

BROKEN NOTES.

I.

THE twilight mellowed Autumn's gold with
 shade,
 A gentle calm was in my spirit bred ;
 I sat before an instrument and played
 A living strain of the immortal dead.

II.

'Twas one of those great inspirations, which
 Were made for our best moments, when the
 soul
 In thirsting for a nectar, flowing, rich,
 Knows of defect, and longs to be made whole.

III.

And oh ! how eagerly I drank the sound,
 And imaged angels in the softened air,

As all material circumstance around,
Not part of heaven, seemed not anywhere !

IV.

Till when,—amid my highest soaring, rapt,
O phrase, of all divinest, to complete,
—The orphean charm, oh desolation ! snapt,
And the strong soul felt conscious of defeat.

V.

Ah, broken notes ! can such material things
Chill the warm spirit, even when we deem
That we are safe upon the balmy wings
Of some as yet divine untrammelled dream.

VI.

I sat in sad and solemn reverie,
And thought of the lost music, until late,
And then the blighted rapture seemed to me
An emblem of the working of our FATE.

VII.

Whatever way we sound THAT instrument,
The broken notes are always to our hand,
Though many themes we play, and are content
Until the music slips from our command.

VIII.

Yes, often when we think our joy must last,
Simply because it fills us, yet full soon
A blank is made us, and we stand aghast
That Fate could dare to spoil so sweet a
tune.

DESPAIR.

I.

HARK ! the winds are howling,
And their rage is keen !
All thy foes surround thee,
With their faces scowling—
Wrap thy garments round thee,
Let no rent be seen.

II.

Ah ! the awful silence,
Where the rout hath been,
Hath the grave such horror,
Earth and Heaven between ?
Oh, again the fury !
Will no shelter screen ?
Wrap thy garments round thee,
Let no rent be seen.

G

III.

The Elements are angry
With the sons of men ;
Demons gather round us,
Earth is made their den !
Thunder roars around thee,
Lightning quivers keen,
Wrap thy garments round thee,
Let no rent be seen.

IV.

Foolish ! will a garment save thee
When the dagger strikes ?
Evil claims to have thee—
Doeth as he likes.

MY ARIEL.

I SEND her forth, I see her go,
From flower to flower,
They blush to meet her with a glow
That lights the bower.

She wanders o'er the world of green,
And tints the daisy's rim,
Then in the far horizon seen,
Doth in the sunrise swim.

She passes on, from fleecy cloud,
To cloud of sombre tone,
They blush endiademed, and proud
With pearl and ruby strown.

She guides them on their sunny way,
Or gathers them in glory ;
And makes them wander, that the day
May drop its blue calm o'er me.

Then she returns to me at night,
In shadowy seeming ;
And rearranges day's delight
For downy dreaming.



ANTHEM.

I.

Now the west wind comes to woo,
At the window, saying : " Follow !
Come and hear the ringdove's coo,
To the treble-chirping swallow ;
Let us to the greenwood hie,
Where the cawing rooks do fly."

II.

Cuckoo, cuckoo, everywhere,
Thickets open to receive him,
Let us follow here and there—
Does the echo's voice deceive him ?
Wheresoe'er an answer be,
List again and there is he.

III.

Now the golden-clarion lark,
Now the oaten-fluting linnet,
While the tranced forests hark,
Loath to lose a precious minute ;
Mixed in many a floating line,
See the silver birches shine.

IV.

King Apollo ! Hail to thee !
Thou hast set thy subjects singing ;
Lord and beacon of the free,
Choicest tribute to thee bringing ;
And their duty as their choice
Is, to in thy ray rejoice.

V.

So in song thy praise shall be,
Or in silent echoes grander,
Or in glowing symmetry,
Weaving ever shapes of wonder,
Thy own glory shows thee crowned,
King of life's fulfilling round.

TILL MILLENNIUM.

I.

I HAVE a creed, and act thereby,
 And hope I shall hereafter;
 It is to live in jollity
 And put my trust in laughter.

Strife or rest,
 It's all a jest,
 Whatever Fortune send us,
 Fate is careless,—why not we,
 If she mar or mend us?

II.

Shall I puff a shoal of sighs
 If a maiden slight me?
 Drown myself, or drown my eyes,
 Say that nought delights me?

It's all a joke
 For other folk,
 Why should I e'en lose it?
 She is laughing, so will I
 Have my mirth and use it.

III.

Say not, "Fortune frowns," when she
Spills the wine thou'rt quaffing;
Like the cruel maiden, see,
At thy plight she's laughing!

So will we
Whatever be,
When her tricks deceive us,
If we conquer her, in turn
Double frolic weave us.

IV.

So, by turns, whatever comes,
Let us join the joking,
Till the Furies bite their thumbs
And die with laughter choking.

Then, perchance,
The revel-dance
May be thought delirious,
So, in love's millennium, we
Will joy sincere, and serious.

EBB AND FLOW.

Is sad Care a friend so dear,
Thou shouldst meet her coming here ?
Is she worth the compliment ?
Will she ever grace thy tent ?
When the rose's leaves are shorn,
Is it wise to save the thorn ?
Or to make, when wine's sipped up,
Wry faces in an empty cup ?—
Perhaps, for when fair Pleasure's gone
Sad it is to be alone ;—
Greet thy Sorrow on the wing
Thou canst tell not what she'll bring ;
Yes, 'tis well to save thy thorn
Till another rose is born,
And to keep thy goblet by thee,
Till another day supply thee.

THE VERY LAST.

ALL is over, and you say you do not care,
And yet I do ;
I had love enough, you know it, and to spare
To serve for two.

You will go along unheeding on your way,
But I shall not ;
You'll forget me, but what I have cast away
No man forgot.

Yet remember, I have arms of prayer to fold
Around you still ;
And they never shall relax their fervent hold
While I have will.

So be happy, as I know you do not care,
And yet I do ;
As I'd love, so I have grief enough to spare
To serve for two.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

I.

“ COME here, my lads, before you sup,
I’ll plague you not, on verb or noun ;
You know the school is breaking up,
Because the master’s breaking down.
You smile, I did not mean to joke,
But ‘ idle habit links us yet ; ’
Ah ! little folk, dear little folk,
My sun of life will soon be set ! ”

II

The streamlet o’er the pebbled sand,
A lulling murmur wafted in ;
The old man stretched his withered hand,
And loosed the window from the pin ;
The soothing tide increasing came,
The south wind waved the snowy hair,

The sinking sun with orange flame
Filled all the little window there.

III.

“ Now, Tommy, you’re the tallest lad,
Reach me the box from yonder shelf ;
You need not look so very glad,
There’s little in it for yourself :—
A water-clock for little Joe,
I made it for my sister’s boy—
Ah ! that reminds me, when I go
My grave by his must closely lie.

IV.

“ A few old coins,—yes, these will do
For Julius—keep them for my sake,
There’s nothing better fit for you ;
I marked the pride you used to take
In martial play—how you desired
To hear Athena’s story told ;
And how your soul was fixed and fired
With mighty Roman days of old.

V.

“Ah! those grand days of Ancient Rome :—
Yet Roman days are grander now—
No longer worldly warrior’s home,
But ruled by kings with thorn-clad brow ;
For earth’s to earth and dust to dust
There reigns for time the timeless true ;
So be a soldier—as you must,
But, Julius, be a Christian too.”

VI.

The blackbird hymned the setting sun,
The throstle made a low response,
The rivulet kept singing on,
The cuckoo passed and whistled once,
The growing shadows crept apace,
The tired lambs, with fainter bleat,
Triumphed o’er Echo, whose wild place
Unknown, was drowsed with silence sweet.

VII.

Of all that faithful master said,
The box of things with us he shared,

How three days after saw him dead,
His last advice—how home we fared,—
How copybooks with morals set,
For long recalled his tender tone,—
Suffice it, we can ne'er forget,
These the heart's heritage alone.

VIII.

The little schoolhouse stands no more,
But still the rivulet runs by,
And starry flowers bedeck the shore,
No city smoke pollutes the sky;
Yet sadness mingles in the cup
And rue in nature's rosy crown,
To think the school has broken up,
And many a comrade broken down.


BUTTERFLY BOWER.

THERE is a bower I love so well,
For sweetest blooms about it dwell ;
In that sweet nook how often I
Sit happy as a butterfly.

The red rose woos the white rose there,
The white rose heeds the other's prayer ;
Where love succeeds what wonder I
Sit happy as a butterfly.

The golden bee, with lively hum,
To seek and sip his sweets has come ;
And so have you and so have I,
And so each pretty butterfly.

The bee must hasten to his cell,
But we amidst the honey dwell ;
And, with ourselves, let all go by,
As happy as a butterfly.



SUMMER'S FLOWER AND WINTER'S
ROBIN.

I.

WHEN the woods were thickly blooming,
All the quiet air perfuming,
I had a love, and fondly did I call her Summer
Flower ;
For the dells had not a fairer,
Nor the garden-bed a rarer,
Than this darling, treasured blossom of my
life's meridian hour.

II.

But when northern blasts came chilly,
Oh, she faded with the lily !
And she was one, if the angels you compare
with forms of earth ;

V.

So, whatever now may perish,
I have nothing left to cherish.
The snow may cover many things, the leafless
 branches moan,
Since my Summer Flower's bereft me,
And my Winter Robin's left me,
What can I do but breathe my plaint in sadness
 all alone.

ENGLAND'S GLORY.

I.

I sat upon a time-worn stone—
A relic ribbed, and rough, and hoary—
And read of battles lost and won,
Of noble deeds—ah! nobler none,
For they were England's Glory!

II.

I rose, and wended o'er a hill
Down to a valley, soft and shady;
I traced the wandering of a rill,
Through winding woodland ways, until
I met a lord and lady.

III.

He was a man of noble mien,
She was of beauty meek and saintly ;
He had a lake-like brow, serene—
He looked a king ; she scarce a queen,
And but a woman faintly.

IV

Before me rose a stately hall,
Around were landscapes rich and bloomy,
Here spark'd a fount, and there a fall
Of wavelets frothed, and trailed a wall
O'er-ivied, green and gloomy.

V.

As on I went that picture traced
O'er memory's page, its olden story,
Of heroes grand, with honour graced,
Who Danger dared, and Fury faced—
Oh, great is England's glory !

VI.

Their honours unto us descend,
Their representatives we see ;
Their chivalry shall never end,
But with thy modern manners blend,
Old England great and free !

VII.

And still I sauntered on my way,
Then soon I saw before me glooming
A poor-house glum, whose dismal grey
Seemed like a mote upon the ray
Of Heaven's sunlight looming.

VIII.

I shuddered on, and reached at last
A valley, silent, still and lonely ;
Reclining mused upon the past,
And then I slept, but thick and fast
Dreams came, and not dreams only.

IX.

I heard the Angel's trumpet sound !
The Dead arose, the living trembled !
Earth open'd with a startled bound !
And o'er the ghast and groaning ground
The multitude assembled !

X.

Myriads of pauper coffins gaped,
And lean and lank diseased and shivering
Their inmates with a moan escaped,
And soon a horrid breadth they shaped,—
A feeble mass of quivering !

XI.

The gaol-yards sent their numbers too,
The sturdy young, the haggard hoary ;
The " many " overhid the few.—
I woke, and heard sleep's distance through
A voice say : " England's glory ? "

FOR EVER.

I.

THE saddest fate the heart can know
 Is when it loves alone,
 And still would love what needs must go
 Unheedful of its moan :
 'Tis like some restless, wand'ring sea
 That round a world stays never,
 With plaint of what can never be,
 Yet should have been for ever !

II.

Oh ! weary eyes, the morning sun
 Was full of promise fair,
 But toward the west your tears must run,
 For memory keeps you there :

You cannot turn from yon dark hill
The hopeful east to view ;
Thy evening gaze is westward still,—
Thy morn is sunset too.

III.

Yet this remains ; the heart knows well
Its purposes were true,
And not the least can conscience tell
Of wrongs it would undo,
And that, in spite of hope foregone,
And profitless endeavour,
If one had been as true as one,
Two had been blest for ever !

NOTICE TO QUIT.

THERE was a cross outside my house,
And there I often used to pray,
But in my house I soon forgot
What by the cross I used to say :—
For wrapped with comfortable ease
I shut a world of sorrow out,
And gentle ministries that please
Festooned with flowers the walls about.

But rending storm the walls destroyed :
I stayed while there was any room,
Till desolation reigned complete,
And winter wasted every bloom ;
Then in the shadow of the cross,
For old times' sake I made my rest ;
And made a gain of all my loss,
And like my second house the best.

UNSEEN BLESSINGS.

We see not the Hand that assembles the clouds,
But oh, the blessing of rain !
We see not the angels that smile on our path,
But they bless us again and again.

We see not the vapour return to the sky ;
But we know the sun is shining,
And drawing above, for renewal of grace,
And bounty, the drops combining.

Oh, blessings of light and blessings of dark !
Of sleeping and waking breath,
Could we know the blessings we fail to mark,
What blessing for life and death.

Let us trust the love we so little know,
By its signs and symbols shown,
Believing the heaven above and below,
And faith shall make all things our own.

MUSIC IN THE NIGHT.

'Tis sad to see the last red ray
Of evening's sun depart,
When night prepares to bury day
And shroud the gazer's heart.

But should a strain of music float
Upon the spreading dark,
A tide increases with each note
To waft the spirit's barque.

And rapt upon the waves of sound
We dream the great serene,
And visions greet the sunless ground,
That suns have never seen.

So, when the dark of sorrow falls,
A voice shall bring delight
Surrounding solitary souls
With music in the night.

TO ANGELA.

WHY do I love to look upon thy face,
Thou askest, and I gladly answer thee :—
It is because I only there can trace
The sunshine of a heart that's life to me,
The harmony of thoughts that tune my own
To sweetest measures, but for thee unknown :
And yet, sweet shy one, I'll not seek to gaze
Too often, or too fondly, lest I take
My heaven here, in wondering amaze,
And dream, and never from my dream awake,
Though looking on thee would enough suffice
To make that dream a *real* Paradise.
Thy guardian angel ever looks on thee,
And I can trust my happiness to him,
Rejoicing there is one who still can see
And love thee, without letting God's love dim ;
So, my sweet lily, bow thy head once more
And let the little flowers their queen adore.

HIDE AND SEEK.

SINGING in the hawthorn tree,
Artful little bird !
You keep saying : " Can't see me,"
Yet you will be heard.

I would see that merry eye,
And that rounding throat ;
But you mock me, as I sigh,
With your saucy note.

Now I shake a leafy bough,
Just to see you fly ;
Ah ! you flitted long ago,
Never said : " good-bye !"

Are you with your happy mate ?
Oh, then pity me !
For I love you, little cheat,
E'en to jealousy.

Now you're in the tree again
Making yourself heard ;
I've no patience with your strain,
Saucy little bird !



THE HUMBLE BEE.

GOLDEN-BELTED happy hummer,
Ever thou a welcome comer,
Laden with the spoils of summer ;
With a voice that says " for aye,"
In its sweet monotony,
Giving balm to memory,
Summer thoughts for every day.

See the foxglove rarely swinging,
Still awhile, as hushed thy singing,
Weighted with thy happy clinging,
Golden days shall these remain,
Humming through our memory ;
Even when 'tis wintery
Bringing summer flowers again.

THE END.



